

IT'S JUST A GAME

By Cheryl Lynn

Inez DeCote was furious. Mad to the point where she wanted to throw something. She had a pile of eight by ten photos of her husband Edward in very sexually compromising positions. Edward was the second husband that she had caught cheating. This time she wasn't going to settle for just a handsome divorce settlement. No, she was the woman scorned for the second time and the humiliation more than she could bear. No, she would extract a pound of flesh to ease the mortification. She just didn't know the best way to do it.

Edward was a macho man if there ever was one, tall, dark and handsome. Making his affair public would only enhance his masculine image and embarrass her. Inez had to find some way to bring his ego and reputation down a peg or two. In her anger, she thought about taking that pound of flesh by cutting off his dick but quickly rejected it. Doing that would only get her arrested. Inez considered many options trying to figure out any weakness she could take advantage of.

This divorce needed a plan that achieved what she wanted for a change. Her first divorce had taught her many hard lessons. She decided to hold off filing and let Edward think everything was just fine. First she would start syphoning off cash to build her own safety net. Edward had always been generous with her household and clothing allowance. She would just up the ante and put the money into a personal account. Inez would make sure she didn't wind up almost penniless as she waited for the settlement. She was destitute for almost a year before her first ex was forced to settle. Next, she would have to find a way to make him suffer.

Ooo

Inez was refreshing her lipstick in the hallway mirror when she noticed her step son Lynn in the background. Seeing his image an idea flashed like a bright light. Lynn was the pride and joy of Edward and he doted on his only child. Here was the way to get to Edward and extract her revenge. She neither hated nor loved Lynn but he would pay for his father's sins. Now all she had to do was figure a way to implement it.

Lynn had taken more after his mother than his father. He was more of a "pretty" boy than a macho man with dirty blond hair and delicate features. He also lacked his father's confidence and arrogance. He was shy and had few real close friends. He preferred playing video games instead of physical activities. While they weren't close it was obvious that he admired his step mother.

Inez was a beautiful woman in her late thirties with raven black hair and olive complexion. She worked out vigorously to maintain her figure and dressed femininely. Seldom caught without at least lipstick and eye makeup, she looked five years younger. She was also a good seamstress and enjoyed being a housewife. Unlike many modern women she viewed the role of housewife as a proper profession. Inez's only shortcoming was that she never really wanted children. Pregnancy with all its physical demands and inconveniences didn't appeal to her vanities. She was too proud of her body and looks to make the sacrifice. Having a step child fulfilled what little motherly instincts she may have had.

From the very first Lynn had accepted Inez as his mother. His mother's passing when he was ten left a large void in his life. When his father married Inez five years later Lynn was very happy. The fact that she was a beautiful Spanish woman didn't hurt.

She had a fiery temper at times but the occasional glimpse of colorful lingerie or hug made up for it. It was very embarrassing to have her pop up in his frequent masturbation sessions but they did. The occasional hug against her breasts, the kiss to the forehead or cheek only added to his imagination. Her perfume would linger in his nose for hours after a hug or kiss. It might have been different if Lynn had a girlfriend during those formative years. As a gawky teenager he was too shy to ask any girl out. In awe of his step mother didn't help either.

Ooo

Inez was in her sewing room. It was her refuge and place to escape all her problems and worries. It was a place she could think without interruption. Before her was a pattern for a pretty yellow dress. She was going to make it for her niece Estella on her thirteenth birthday. The illustration on the front showed a young blond haired girl with a short pixie haircut wearing the dress. Instead of removing the pattern she gazed at the illustration.

"If not for the dress that illustration, the way it's drawn, could be a boy. Oh my, I think I know how to get at Edward," she mused as a big smile replaced her frown.

Two weeks later she approached Lynn. "Lynn I need your help. I've just about finished Estella's party dress and I need to hem it. So, I would like you to model it while I pin it up."

"What? You want me to put on a dress? I can't do that...it's...it's," he started to protest.

"Of course you can darling. Consider it just a game. You know like the ones you play on your computer. No one will know but the two of us and I really need your help."

"Guys don't wear dresses. That's....," again he tried to protest but she drew him into her arms giving him a great big hug.

With his head nestled between her breasts, she pleaded, "But Lynn I really need you to help me. Please do this for me? Just for me. Think of it as just a game between the two of us."

Lynn was both thrilled by the contact and embarrassed as he sprouted an erection. There was no way he wanted to put on a dress but if it got him another big hug, maybe it was worth it. Besides no one would know. Her kiss to his forehead convinced him that it was worth it.

In the sewing room he wasn't so sure this was a good idea. She asked him to remove his shirt and shorts as she picked up a very feminine pale yellow dress. He didn't mind taking off his shirt but his shorts? If he did that she would see his erection.

Seeing his blush, smiling she said, "Darling, if you don't take off your shorts then the dress won't hang right. If you want, you can put the dress on then take them off."

Reluctantly he raised his arms as she dropped the dress over his torso. It was a pale yellow with a high fitted waist and short upper thigh length full skirt. The short sleeves were puffed with white lace trim. The wide pointed collar had a floral white lace applique. The bodice was satin and the skirt chiffon held out with three white net built-in petticoats.

"Stand still while I remove those shorts," she stated bending and grasping his shorts before he could react.

As the shorts and his boxers fell to his ankles, he blushed scarlet. He knew she would see his erection. He nearly jumped out of his skin when the back of her hand brushed

against it.

“Oh dear, it looks like somebody loves his dress,” she said giggling. “Here I’ve got something that should help.”

She went over to the sewing table and picked up a pair of bright yellow doubled layered chiffon briefs. A small pale yellow satin bow decorated the waist band. Again before he could object, she pulled them up his legs. The delicate feel and softness as the panties settled around his waist sent chills up his spine. Chills that left him gasping and an even larger swelling. Smiling broadly, she gave his groin a gentle pat, stood and quickly turned him around. She zipped up the dress drawing the bodice tightly closed.

She was more than pleased seeing his physical reaction to the panties. His reaction made it clear to her that her plan could succeed. Inez took her time pinning the hem making sure that the bottom of his crotch was clearly visible. When she was finished, she carefully removed the dress telling him to keep the panties.

“Lynn I can’t give those to Estella now that you have worn them. So you keep them. No, don’t take them off. I think you look precious in them. Here, let me help you put on your shorts.”

Lynn was so confused and dazed by what had happened didn’t offer objections. With his shorts and shirt back on, Inez gave him another big hug making sure to rub his face between her breasts. Breaking the hug, she gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“Lynn you’re such a dear to help me. I hope you won’t mind playing this game with me again. Once I sew the hemline, I’ll need you to try it on again. So tonight, I’ll show you how to hand wash your panties for next time.”

“Bu...but I don’t....don’t want to do this again. Wasn’t this enough?” he whined.

“Nonsense Lynn of course you do. How else am I going to determine if I hemmed it correctly? Besides, as Shakespeare wrote, “Thou protest too much.” Based on that bulge in your panties, it tells me a different story. Now run along.”

After the boy fled the room, Inez had a good laugh at his expense. *“That went better than I hoped. It was worth the extra time sewing those panties. He was stiff as a board when I put them on him. Making him keep them on probably has him wanking off right now. I can’t wait to see the video,”* she thought going to where she had hidden the camera.

That night before he went to sleep she showed him how to wash the delicate material. At first he tried to refuse but she was insistent. Taking the panties from his trembling hand noticed the dark stain. It was obvious to her what he had done and was tempted to tease him. Masturbation was repugnant to her but in this case a desired result if he was to become the panty boy she wanted.

Instead of teasing or chastising simply said, “I’m happy you enjoyed your panties” then gave him another big hug. “Since you seemed to like them so much, I’ll make you some more. No one but the two of us will know that you are wearing them, I promise,” she added.

Lynn went to bed with the panties hanging from his shower rod. Pulling on his pajamas he had a stiffie caused by his step mother’s hug and kiss. He couldn’t help it. Her warm breasts against his cheeks felt so damn good. His sleep was fitful and dream filled. Not all of which were pleasant. In the morning when he stuffed the panties into the depths of his dresser drawer, he had another erection. Leaving his room promised himself that he wouldn’t wear them again. That night the urge was just

too great. He put on the panties and before they snapped around his waist sported another huge erection.

Ooo

Inez had to do some shopping if she wanted to move forward with her plans. At the Bali outlet she purchased a muted yellow with bright satin diamond front paneled padded panty girdle and matching Bali Flower underwire bra in pale yellow. When the “cash back” question came up on the credit card reader she entered the maximum amount. Again at Victoria’s where she purchased several white semi-sheer hose with lace welts and gel pads, she entered the maximum amount. With the shopping done, Inez was three hundred dollars richer. Now all she had to do was wait for the right opportunity. She didn’t have long to wait.

Lynn came into the house sweaty and dirty having spent Saturday morning mowing the grass. In the kitchen he grabbed a glass of iced tea. He was ready to plop down on the couch and watch television. Inez wasn’t about to let that happen.

“Lynn I’m ready to check the fit of Estella’s dress but not on that dirty body of yours. Come along and I’ll draw your bath.”

“Huh? Can’t we do this later?” he replied while thinking, *“Really, really a lot later.”*

“No, we have to do this now,” she answered giving his butt a tap.

He wasn’t happy about putting that dress back on but astonished when she began filling the tub and adding her floral scented bath beads. His astonishment quickly changed to embarrassment as she insisted on helping. His embarrassment changed to mortification as she actually bathed him then shaved his legs and underarms.

She was wearing a low cut frilly blouse that opened up revealing her red satin clad breasts as she bent over him. As she washed his groin, brought both a scarlet flush to his face and immediate erection. When she mentioned off handedly that she thought he should be bigger down there, he was mortified. Inez had him so disorientated that she had little problem shaving him.

He found his voice when she led him into her bedroom and had him sit at the vanity.

“What’s going on? Why are you doing this? You...you’re treating me like a girl.”

“Well of course I am darling. I want to see the full effect of Estella’s dress and I can’t very well do that with you not looking the part. Remember this is just a game between the two of us. Now behave and sit still while I blow dry your hair.”

“I don’t want to play this game anymore!” he yelled.

“Now Lynn don’t you take that tone with me. You’re not too old for a sound spanking. Behave and we’ll get this over with all the sooner.”

“*She wouldn’t dare!*” he thought but seeing the look in her eyes realized that she would. She had a temper and he didn’t want to make it worse.

Inez didn’t have much hair to work with but using the dryer and her round bristle brush gave it volume. Satisfied his hair was as good as it was going to get, grabbed his hand and led him into the sewing room. His only covering, a pink towel wrapped around his waist, was pulled away leaving him standing like “September Morn.”

“You can’t just stand there with your hands covering those little bits. Here put these on,” she ordered handing him the yellow panty girdle and his yellow panties.

Lynn didn’t mind putting on the panties. They felt so good. He took the girdle in one hand, thinking that it was way too small but stepped into them. After twisting and

wiggling his hips managed to get it on. The wide waist band pulled in his abdomen and the crotch was uncomfortably tight. Looking down his eyes first focused on the bright yellow diamond panel then the straps hanging from the legs.

“Those are garter tabs Lynn,” she said noticing his gaze. “Here, you need this to properly fill out the bodice of your dress.”

Before he could react, Inez fastened the three hook and eye closure of the bra behind his back. “Put your arms through the straps and I will adjust them for you.”

“This is going too far! I’m not wearing a bra!” he yelled in anger and embarrassment.

Inez was expecting an outburst sooner or later and was ready. It took her only moments to remove the leather belt from around her waist. With a tight grasp on the back of his neck, she bent him over and began walloping his ass. She didn’t stop until he was begging and a river of tears flowed down his cheeks.

Meekly he let her adjust the straps and put the gel pads into the bra cups. He tenderly sat as she rolled the stockings up his legs and fastened them to the garter tabs. Yellow patent leather round toed pumps with a one inch kitten heel were then buckled onto his feet. Told to stand, she quickly pulled the dress over his head and zipped it closed.

Standing back with one hand cupping her chin, she said, “Just stand there. I need to get something.”

It didn’t take her long to find what she was looking for. It was a large white satin bow with long notched streamers. Back at his side, she pinned it to the back of his head. Turning his head to face her, she kissed him on the lips leaving them tinted with her bright red lipstick. The kiss left him flustered, confused and anxious.

“I...I don...don’t like this game. This IS just a game, isn’t it?” he managed to gasp.

“Of course dear. Now I want to see a happy face and no more objections. I don’t want to use my belt again but I will if I have to. So smile and stand still while I make some adjustments,” she replied fluffing out his skirt.

She slowly went about making pretense changes occasionally letting the back of her hand touch his groin. Inez put him into several feminine poses supposedly to check the hang of the dress. The one she liked the most was having him bend from the waist, hands crisscrossed on the knee while looking back over his shoulder. His girdled posterior fully on view, she didn’t let him move until he had a bright happy smile. Another favorite was with him in a half curtsey, holding out the hem, revealing the lacy petticoats underneath and another big smile. She had him hold his skirts up high enough to expose most of his yellow satin girdle and the obvious erection.

There was a large free standing oval mirror in the room. Inez had maneuvered him to where he couldn’t help but see his reflection. For several moments he stood stunned staring into the mirror. Looking back at him was what could only be a pretty young girl in a too short yellow party dress. The dress was so short the crotch was partially exposed. The image was both frightening and arousing. Frightening because he knew it was his reflection. Arousing as the image was downright sexy.

His stupor was broken as Inez grabbed his hand and began pulling. “I can’t believe it’s so late. Come along, you can admire yourself after we have a bite to eat. I’m starving.”

As her words registered, he balked. “No...no please let me change back into my own clothing first.”

“Change? We’re just going down stairs for some lunch. It’s not like we’re going

outside. Besides, I'm not finished with you yet."

The stairwell gave him some trouble. He couldn't see the steps due to the fullness of the skirt plus he wasn't that use to heels. Inez had him hold the rail with one hand and press his skirt down with the other. Problems solved but he was extremely conscious of what he wore and how vulnerable he felt. While Inez had shown him how to take short heel and toe steps, his ankles still wobbled as he began his descent.

In the kitchen Inez tied an apricot fancy tea apron around his waist and help prepare lunch. Under the circumstances he didn't have much of an appetite so didn't complain at the small serving of tuna fish. He was exhausted by his ordeal and didn't object when Inez gave him two vitamins. With the meal done she had him wash the dishes and wipe down the counter tops. All he wanted to do was get out of these clothes especially the hot confining girdle. If doing a bit of cleaning would get him out of them, he wasn't going to complain.

Going back upstairs wasn't as intimidating as coming down but he held onto the guard rail tightly. Back in the sewing room, she removed the dress leaving him in his underwear, nylons and heels. His erection had long since shrunken but when she enveloped him in a big hug and chaste kiss on the lips, it sprang to attention. Releasing him and stepping back Inez stared down at his crotch. With a big smile she reached out and cupped it. Lynn startled, jumped back almost falling as his ankles wobbled.

"Gosh Lynn, I didn't realize just how much you enjoyed playing our little game. Look, if you want I'll let you keep the dress. I can always make another and besides I think Estella would look better in a peach colored gown."

"What? No, no I hate this game," he gasped, his whole body trembling.

Brazenly she stepped back up to him, reached out and stroked his erection through the girdle. "Lynn, a woman can easily tell when a man is really turned on. You can't hide that you love wearing sexy women's clothing. Don't worry or agonize over it. I don't mind that you like playing our little game. It'll be our little secret but don't try to lie to me," she said emphasizing the word "little" as she firmly pressed his erection.

Lynn was at a total loss. His mouth was working but no words were forming. How could he tell her that it was her that turned him on? His own step mother. That would just be so perverted. He hated wearing those clothes but didn't dare mention his true feelings. So he just stood there in shock. It didn't help when she clasped him in another hug, mashing his face into her bosom. A small wet stain discolored the yellow nylon of the girdle as she stepped back.

"Here put your dress back on and wear it for the rest of the day darling. No matter what you say I know you just love it. You can take it off before your father comes home. No one will know but the two of us," she said pulling the gown back over his head.

Lynn dazed let her lead him back downstairs into the living room. "You know dear that you can't just dress, you have to act properly as well. So I'm going to teach you how to walk, sit and move like a lady. It's very important to learn dress management and grace otherwise you'll look very foolish."

For the rest of the day Inez had him practicing a mincing feminine walk, how to properly sit with knees pressed together and how to hold his arms. She made sure to give him frequent hugs and quick kisses. As long as he was sexually stimulated he would give her no arguments. They stopped when it was a couple of hours before her husband was due home.

Back in the sewing room she helped him completely undress. “Lynn I know you just loved those panties so I made you seven new ones. Now you can wear them every day. Here put these on,” she said joyfully handing him a pair of teal colored chiffon briefs.

He quickly stepped into them desperate to hide his package. Again the soft cool slinky fabric had its intended effect. He groaned seeing his reflection. It wasn't the green panties that drew his attention but the bright red indentations forming the outline of the bra.

“Lynn listen up,” Inez said drawing his attention from the mirror. “Take your bra, girdle and hose with you. You need to wash them just like I showed you the other day. Hang them on the shower rod to dry before you go to bed tonight. You can wash the panties you have on now in the morning.”

Lynn was nervous as he answered his father's questions over dinner about his day. It didn't help his nerves when he saw Inez take a large fork of food, tapped in on her plate which drew his attention then let most of it drop off before eating. The hint more than obvious to his eyes. She was reminding him of her luncheon lesson on taking small amounts and chewing ten times.

As everyone was finishing eating, he asked to be excused. He didn't want to tell his father any more lies. To his surprise Inez spoke up, “Lynn dear, help me with the dishes please.” She had never asked him to do that before but when his father urged him to help went into the kitchen.

“Thank you dear, I do so enjoy our time together,” she said tying the tea apron around his waist then running her hand over his behind.

The chiffon panties had been giving him fits all evening. Their caress on his penis and balls was most disturbing and so sensual. It had been difficult keeping his dick soft but her rubbing his butt quickly made it stiff once again. He was happy that the apron concealed it. As he rinsed off the dishes before putting them into the washer, Inez kept bumping into him. Her breasts pressed into his back, a hand patting his butt and finally a big hug kept him so rigid that it hurt. He needed to get to his room and relieve the tension but removing his apron, she sent him in to watch the ball game with his father. The tent all too obvious in his pants, he had no choice. When his father saw him, he smiled seeing that bulge. Edward pointed to a seat and said nothing but reminisced about when he could get a hard on so easily.

“Ahhh the good old days. Damn it was embarrassing at times but I wish I could get that hard without Viagra,” he mused then turned his attention back to the game.

Back in his room Lynn filled the bathroom sink with warm water and Woolite. Taking the girdle he blushed as he began the feminine task of cleaning lingerie. In the morning after a fitful sleep, his panties were saturated. Not wanting Inez to see them, he hurried into the bathroom. Seeing his washed lingerie hanging from the curtain rod, sent a chill up his spine. He knew it wasn't right to have such things hanging in his bathroom but couldn't figure a way out. Inez had him so confused and he had to admit that the panties felt so erotic. He would protest about having to wear them every day but enjoy the feeling they caused. Reaching up he pulled down the yellow pair and stepped into them.

Ooo

Other than checking to make sure he was wearing panties, Inez left him pretty much alone. She had another dress to make. After yesterday's experience Lynn just had to get out of the house. He drove to the mall and headed straight for the arcade where he

could lose himself in the games. He found a couple of friends there and quickly forgot his problems. It wasn't until he received a slap of congratulations on the ass that he remember his panties. He blushed as he turned and high fived Jason on their hard fought victory. Fortunately his friends thought his reddened face was due to his exertion.

"Shit! I hope he didn't find out I'm wearing panties," he thought. "Think I better get back to the house before anyone notices. If I go out again, I have to remember to put on my boxers."

He got back to the house around one and Inez was ready for him. Sewing the new dress hadn't taken much time as she had previously cut out the pattern. As soon as he walked through the door, she told him to take a bath.

"Not again," he answered.

"Yes," Inez replied firmly. "I've just finished and I'm desperate to complete the alterations by tomorrow. Make sure you use my bath beads that I left and be sure to moisturize when you finish. I put your lingerie on the bed. Put it on and meet me in the sewing room."

Lynn was determined not to wear panties again. They frightened and scared him too much. Guys shouldn't be wearing them and he shouldn't like them so much. Going to his dresser drawer to get fresh boxers found it only contained chiffon panties. The panties she had given him yesterday.

"Crap!" he grumbled turning to the bed where Inez had left his clothing.

He was struggling trying to hook that infernal bra when she entered. **"What's taking... oh you poor dear. Having trouble putting on your bra? Here let me help you. Put your arms behind your back and I'll guide your fingers. With some practice you'll be able to do this in your sleep."**

***"My bra? Practice? I don't want to be able to do this either awake or asleep,"* his mind screamed.**

"Where's my boxers? They're none in my dresser."

"Oh those old rags. Well now that you have such pretty panties that I took time to make for you...I didn't think you needed boxers anymore. I threw them out with the garbage. I know you really enjoy wearing them dear," she said reaching out and touching his enlarged gland. Then added, "You do appreciate my sewing and gift, don't you?"

What could he do? There was no denying the erection nor the time it took to sew panties. Gulping, blushing scarlet, replied, **"Ye...yes of course I...I appreciate what yo..you did."**

All too soon he was wearing a dress in the same style as the other but in a deep peach color. The matching heels were a bit different as well having a two inch heel. Inez had to support his elbow as he walked around the room getting accustomed to the shoes. She made sure to have some close body contact as she assisted and when pinning the hem. As she brushed the back of her hand across his groin under the pretext of fluffing out the skirt, she was pleased. His penis was as hard as a rock. Over the next three hours she put him through more dress management and grace lessons. On a brief break to enjoy a glass of iced tea she had him take his two vitamin pills. By the time the lessons were over and she told him to go change, his panties and girdle's crotch were severely stained. Not all of them caused by the built up heat and his sweat. Inez made much of the staining happen when she gave him his first French kiss

while rubbing his groin.

Lynn was deeply embarrassed but Inez was very pleased. As he went limp, she held him up by holding him close. "Lynn you really do love your pretty feminine things! You must simply learn to control yourself. Quickly, let's get this dress off before you stain it. Oh dear, I see some spotting. Guess I'll just have to make another and give this one to you too. Can't have Estella wearing it now, you bad boy you. Go soak your lingerie in the sink and lie down for a bit dear. You can wash them later. Right now I need to get your naughty stain out of this dress."

As he lay in bed wearing a fresh pair of scarlet chiffon panties, his mind was in turmoil. He found it hard to believe that wearing those clothes could make him cum so hard. It had to be from the kiss his step mother had given him. He had never been kissed that way before. Yet when he realized that he was unconsciously rubbing his dick through the chiffon, had second thoughts. He quickly pulled his hand away and stood up.

"Crap!" he said and began pulling on his shorts. *"This is crazy. I've got to put a stop to all this. I was just supposed to put on a stupid dress and I wind up completely dressed as a stupid girl. Making matters worse she's making me act like one too. I don't care what she says it's not the clothing that's making me so horny. She's just so damn hot,"* he thought heading out the door to confront his step mother.

She was in the kitchen and so was his father. *"Shit! I'll talk to her in the morning."*

Inez listened stoically as Lynn ranted and raved. When he finished, she calmly replied. "Alright Lynn but I believe that you're protesting too much. It must be your male pride acting up. I know you just love wearing fine lingerie and beautiful dresses. It's a real turn on for you and I'm going to prove it. Come along to the den. I have a DVD to show you."

"DVD? What DVD?" he asked surprised.

"You'll see soon enough."

Lynn sat on the couch slack jawed in disbelief as he watched the DVD. Everything on it showed him having what looked like a wonderful time mincing about in drag. There was even a close up of his stained crotch from yesterday. There was no hint that Inez was anywhere about as he dressed or moved about.

When it was over he looked at Inez fear and distress evident in his eyes. "H..how whe...where did th...this come from?" he managed to get out.

"That should be obvious dear. I thought it would be nice to record our little games. You know something to show your father and friends how much you love playing games with me."

"No! You can't do that!" he shouted fear and dread etched on his features.

"Of course I can Lynn and don't take that tone with me."

"Yo....you promised! You said no one would know," he replied panic replacing his fear.

"Only if you cooperate with me dear. Contrary to your objections, I know you secretly love playing. You can't deny how it sexually it excites you can you? That little bump in your panties proves it. Now if you promise to keep playing our little game for the summer, this will remain just between us."

Lynn didn't remember standing but he was with fists balled at his sides. He was a mix of emotions from terror to mortification. After watching it he was even confused and

questioned his manhood. The visual evidence would destroy him in the eyes of his father and friends. He couldn't let her show that DVD to anyone. All he knew was that he had to do something. He rushed to the DVD player, ejected the damning disc and broke it. As the disc snapped, he smiled in relief. The evidence was gone. He could end this all now. He exhaled loudly not realizing he had held his breath.

Lynn looked at Inez, a happy smile on his face, holding up the broken disc. A frown quickly replaced it seeing another disc in his step mother's hand. "You didn't think I would be stupid enough to only have one disc dear? Now stop this ridiculous behavior and go take a bath. Remember to use plenty of my bath beads and dust afterwards. Put on your pretty yellow dress. It looks so precious on you. Don't dawdle I have a wonderful day planned for us."

Lynn let the broken disc drop to the floor, with his head lowered, reluctantly went to do her bidding. "I hate fucking baths. I hate what she's making me do. I hate this game," he mumbled going up the stairs. Absent minded he reached down and adjusted his stiffened penis.

Coming from the bath Lynn noticed that Inez had put his clothing on the bed. As he slid the bright yellow panties up his legs he shivered. "*Why in hell do these panties make me feel this way? It's as if my dick has a mind of its own. It's not right to feel this way. I'm a guy not some silly girl,*" his mind protested.

Again he had trouble putting on the bra but managed to get all three hook and eyes fastened. His hand trembled as he inserted the gel pads. He groaned as he stepped into the girdle. He wasn't looking forward to feeling its tight grip or the heat that would build up. He remembered to roll the hosiery into donuts before putting his toe in. Their silkiness as he rolled them up his still hairless legs sent another chill up his spine and his penis to pulse.

He was struggling to pull up the back zipper of his dress when Inez walked in. "Here let me help you dear," she said smiling broadly.

"*So far so good,*" she thought, "*I've got him now. If he hadn't cooperated and I showed that DVD to his father, could have said I coerced him. Probably convincing enough too. Well too late for that now.*"

She had to remind him to take short heel and toe steps and keep his elbows in as they went to her bedroom. There she had him sit at her vanity facing away from the mirror and draped a towel around his shoulders.

"Your father left this morning on a month long business trip, so I'm going to neaten you up a bit. Nothing overly noticeable but necessary," she said with a bitter tone.

Inez knew the trip was an excuse to be with his latest girlfriend. Using a razor she formed his sideburns into crisp "V's" then plucked his brows into smoother arches. She didn't overdo his brows leaving them relatively thick and slightly arched. She began applying a light coating of makeup. His complexion was smooth, evenly toned with a dusting of matte rose blush. His eyes were lined in black eyeliner, the lashes thickened with black mascara and the lids coated in a blending to pink shades. She outlined his lips in red making them look fuller and filled in with a deep luscious looking coral pink.

As she worked, his complaints fell on deaf ears. "*Cheat on me will he. That fucking bastard is going to pay dearly for fucking with me,*" she angrily thought as she worked.

Satisfied with what she had done to his face began working on his nails. Using an emery board, she rounded them into neat ovals, then pushed back the cuticles. It took

her a few moments to decide on what pink vanish to use before giving them three coats and a sealer. Finally she began on his short hair. Using her round bristle brush managed to give it some volume and with a clip of the shears, bangs. The final touch was attaching the large white satin ribbon bow to the back of his head.

As she was working Lynn tried to object to no avail. It didn't help his situation as Inez was wearing a low cut blouse giving him a great view of her blue satin uplift bra. Long before she finished he was squirming in his seat as his penis was threatening to burst forth.

She turned him to face the triple mirrored vanity. Looking back at him was a very pretty young girl. He knew it was his face but it wasn't and the shock wilted his erection. Slowly his hand came up to lightly touch his cheek. His face a mixture of shock and awe.

"That can't be me. Sh....she's beautiful," he whispered not realizing he had spoken loudly enough for her to hear.

"Of course you make a beautiful girl Lynn. It's who you were meant to be. Haven't I been telling you that all along? Besides with that little nubbin between your legs you can never be a real man. Get up. You can admire yourself later but I need to change and you can help."

Her words bit deeply into Lynn's ego. What man wants to hear that he makes a pretty girl? What made him cringe was her comments regarding his package. True, he was a virgin but had always thought he was well endowed. Inez's constant referral to his penis as being too small really hit home. His step mother was a beautiful experienced woman and that gave authority to her statements. Her comments plus his physical reaction to wearing panties, shredded his ego.

Ooo

If he was shocked at his reflection when Inez removed her blouse and skirt in front of him was a double whammy. She was wearing a matched set of bright blue satin bra and panty. The bra had elaborate embroidery with crystal bead work. Obviously purchased at Victoria's. Lynn recognized it from seeing it in one of Inez's catalogs. He had been secretly stealing them from the trash.

"Funny, I thought I was looking at her catalogs for the hot chicks, so why do I recognize that bra and panty set? Could it be true what she said about me liking panties and playing dress up?" he thought shocked.

She could have easily stepped off the page of a lingerie ad. Lynn's dick immediately sprang to full attention. She took her time walking to her closet before selecting a black dress. As she slithered into it, Lynn shuddered almost creaming in his panties. It was made of some slinky material and the round neckline exposed a gorgeous hint of cleavage.

Turning her back to him said, "Well don't just stand there. Zip me up then fetch my black ankle boots from the closet while I slip on my hose."

Nervously he did as instructed. Seeing her wiggle into the sheer pantyhose was almost as bad as seeing her in lingerie. Slithering into a dark blue full lace embellished slip didn't help. His dick was so near bursting it hurt. Kneeling to put her ankle boots on, gave him a close up view of her nylon covered pussy. It was too much, he filled his panties and girdle.

"You know Lynn you're pathetic. Just look at what you just did! You should be ashamed spurting like that looking up your step mother's skirt. But....I wonder? Was

it due to seeing my pretty slip, nylons and panties or my sex? If seeing my lingerie caused your premature ejaculation; then, I guess you're not the pervert I thought you are. No, you'd be just a prissy girl in the wrong body. Now if it was being so close to my sex, then you are perverted. So which is it?"

Lynn was sitting on the floor in front of Inez, face ablaze in humiliation and his stained crotch on display. Inez's words cutting deeply into him. *"Am I a pervert? OMG! I...I just don't know. She's my step mother and I shouldn't have these feelings. I can't confess to that! No....no it had to be like she says...it had to be caused by seeing her lingerie. She's right. I'm pathetic. I do like how my panties feel an...and my face...it's beautiful. I'm nothing more than the pathetic girlie boy she says I am."*

Gathering his courage, looked up at his glaring step mother. "I...I'm no..not a pervert," he began as tears formed. "It....it had to...to be your lingerie. Please I...I couldn't help it.

"That's a relief. I don't know what I'd do if my step son wanted to have sex with me. That would be too perverted to keep from your father. Heaven only knows what he'd do if he found out. Maybe I should tell him anyway?" she seriously responded.

Lynn had a very good idea of what his father would do. He couldn't let that happen. His tears flowing even heavier, clasped his hands together, "No! No please, don't say anything to dad. I...I swear...swear that I don't think of you in that...that way. Really it had to be your....your panties just like you said. I...I'm a prissy girl...really...you don't have to tell him anything, please," he begged sobbing.

"I still have doubts Lynn but I'll give you a chance. Just one chance and if you screw up you leave me no choice but to tell your father. Now tell me you want desperately to be a girlie girl and will do whatever to make it a reality," she demanded.

Lynn didn't have a choice. "Yes, I..I want to be a girlie girl an...and will do whatever you say."

"Very well dear. I'll do my very best to make you into your dream. Now, let's get you some clean clothing and fix that raccoon face. We have a lot to do before your father gets back," she said assisting him to his feet.

"He bought it hook, line and sinker. I can't wait until that bastard gets back home and sees his son. Ha! That'll be a real hoot," she thought taking him to the sewing room.

Inez had made a white soft cotton sun dress with a wide colorful floral hem more fit for excursions outside the house. It didn't take her long to get him changed and a tad longer to fix his makeup. She removed the satin ribbon from his head and quickly brushed it out. It was still a boy's haircut slightly feminized by the bangs. His hair would be the first change and she couldn't wait.

Handing him a red leatherette purse matching the red button clip on earrings and block beaded necklace, she took his hand and led him out to the car. He was nervous and very anxious but followed along without complain. Complaining about going out in public dressed would only get him in worse trouble. At the car she showed him how a lady enters and exits, reminded him to take mincing steps and above all smile.

Walking into the salon took all the courage he had. Inez stayed at his side the entire time answering a lot of the stylist's questions. To help Lynn settle down had told him not to talk due to a bad case of laryngitis. Leaving the salon, Lynn's hair was much lighter and cut in a very feminine pixie. His finger and toe nails painted a vivid red.

The next stop wasn't as hard on his nerves but scary none the less. It was the Piercing Pagoda where his ears were pierced three times in each. Pink pearl studs would be

replaced with several dangling earrings when they healed. The final stop was a shoe store. There a pair of three inch spike heeled strappy sandals in white leather with large sparkling rhinestones dressing up the straps was purchased. Before they left Inez added ten packages of sheer pantyhose in various colors.

Back at the house the first thing Inez did was have him put on a pair of black hose under his white girdle. With the new heels on, she began the arduous task of teaching him how to walk gracefully, femininely with a sway to the hips. Once stable, she began teaching him how to sit, bend and move like a lady. There were few breaks and by the time she told him to go to bed, was more than happy.

Ooo

The next morning proved even more exhausting for Lynn. Dressed in the peach dress with the matching lingerie, white hose and the sandals, his first lessons were on makeup application. That took up most of his morning. After a light lunch, it was back to mannerisms and behavior. Again he had few breaks to relieve the strain on his poor feet and legs. A meager diner and then sitting at the table reading aloud using a higher pitched tone from a romance novel finished the day. His legs were numb and his throat sore as he slid under the covers.

The rest of the month followed the same pattern except he had to use his feminine voice all the time. After the fourth day much of his practicing could be done without Inez present. Inez used her computer to monitor his practices from the hidden camera in the living room. She used that time to create more outfits and lingerie for Lynn. She also made sure he took his testosterone blockers and estrogen. They wouldn't have much of an effect by the time his father got home but she didn't care.

At the start of the second week she had him dressed in the pretty sun dress and strappy heels. She took him over his strong objections to the tattoo parlor. Only her threat of telling his father about his perverted desires made him consent. A small tattoo on his left shoulder blade and navel piercing didn't seem worth getting Inez really mad. Except the tattoo was larger and too feminine than what he expected. It didn't take but a few of hours and Lynn was done. A pretty multicolored hummingbird with gossamer wings dipping its beak into a red, red rose on the shoulder. A glittering pink faceted stone filled his navel when they left.

Getting his ears pierced then his navel plus the tattoo had brought Lynn deeper into her trap but it wasn't enough. No, not for Inez at least. Ever since the idea had popped into her head she had been looking. Looking for a doctor who would perform implant surgery without too many questions. Too sooth his shattered nerves on the way out of the tattoo parlor, Inez gave Lynn a Librium. By the time she reached the inner city office of the doctor, he was totally out of it. When the doctor questioned the state of his new patient, Inez explained that Lynn had demanded something to calm the nerves.

Handing the doctor a thick envelop ended all his questions, except one. "How big did she want them?"

Inez was tempted to say DD's but replied, "I think a lovely C-cup would be nice." She didn't care that much about her step son but it was her husband that spurned her. C-cup breasts would be too big to hide and that was the important thing. Plus they wouldn't take as long to heal.

The loud scream brought Inez rushing out of her sewing room. She had the foresight to secure his hands down at the side of the bed. He was sitting up, wide eyed in the bed and pulling at his restraints.

“Settle down Lynn!” she shouted rushing to his side. “I just had a little cosmetic surgery performed so you look more natural. You did say you were a girl inside and what girl your age doesn’t have a nice set of breasts? They’re only C-cups nothing too big but if you want bigger ones later, no problem. Once you get used to them, I know you will love your new little girls.”

“I...I didn’t want breasts!” he cried.

“Of course you do dear. Breasts prove that you are truly a girl inside. Now that you have them, I certainly don’t believe you are a pervert lusting after your own mother. You don’t lust after me do you? So, just imagine how pretty you’re going to look in sexy satin bras that match your sexy panties. Promise you won’t do something stupid and I’ll release your hands. Don’t touch! They’re still healing. You can play with them as much as you want in a couple of days.”

The bruising faded away within a week and Inez’s next step was to take Lynn to Victoria’s for a proper bra fitting. There she purchased a dozen underwire, uplift fancy satin bras. The embroidered and beaded fancy ones the store was famous for along with matching garter belts.

For the remainder of the time waiting her husband’s return, Inez intensified Lynn’s training. Not only on his deportment and beauty regimen but his mind. By now the testosterone blockers were working and he couldn’t achieve an erection. She made him believe that happened because his body now accepted that he was really a girl on the inside. She went so far as to let him see her naked. When his dick didn’t even twitch she drove home her point.

“Lynn your tiny thing. Look, it’s not reacting at all like a real man’s. I may be old but this body makes your daddy stand at attention. Obviously you’re more of a girl than boy. At least, I can breathe a sigh of relieve knowing that you aren’t a pervert.”

Lynn could offer nothing in his defense. He hadn’t gotten an erection for a while but the soft chiffon panties and frilly dresses she had him wearing constantly still felt wonderful against his hairless skin. All he could do in response was look at his feet and blush. A silent response that spoke loudly even in his ears.

His father was due back tomorrow and Inez scheduled a trip to the salon to have his hair and nails done. While at the salon, Inez had the technician thin and arch his brows more fitting for a runway model. Inez stayed by his side making sure he stayed in character. Over the past month she made sure he read as many women’s magazines as he could. With that reading, Lynn was able to manage a conversation with the stylist. If he faltered, Inez stepped in. They left the salon with his secret still safe. His hair now a honey blond.

Ooo

His father was due home that afternoon and Lynn was a knot of nerves. The fragrant bubble bath that normally eased his worries didn’t help. His hands shaking so much he couldn’t apply his makeup. Inez stepped up and gave him a weaker Librium than the one used for the doctor. Enough drug to ease his anxiety but not knock him out. She assisted helping him apply an evening makeup and brushed his hair. She wanted him to have a tarty look to go with the outfit she had spent the past week working on.

The panties were full cut brief style in two layers of chiffon in a delicate soft pink. What made these panties different was the oval white lace ruffled opening in the crotch. With the panties on, his soft member and hairless ball sack would be exposed. She planned on tying a pert purple sating bow around the head with streamers tipped in golden bells. The matching VS European lace balconet push-up bra without padding

would create great cleavage. Cleavage necessary to fill out the top of the new dress and guaranteed to get his father's attention. The wide embroidered waist cinch garter belt and sheer seamed black hose would complete the lingerie.

Lynn didn't offer any resistance as she helped him dress. Even when she tied the ribbon around the head of his dick didn't respond. The dress was yards and yards of purple chiffon with the hem so short as to expose most of his groin. It had a low rounded neckline of pale pink ruffled chiffon leaving a hint of bra and a lot of cleavage exposed. The empire waist was tied off with a two inch wide bright pink satin sash forming a large elaborate bow in back. To complete his dressing she put four inch pink patent leather open toed sling back pumps on his feet.

For accessories his lower earlobes held a large white pearl with six long golden strands dangling smaller pink pearls. Pink pear studs filled the other holes. A braided strand of fresh water pearls formed a choker around his neck and matching bracelet on the left wrist. The final touch was a pair of pale pink fingerless lace gloves and a large pink floppy satin bow to the back of his head.

She helped him downstairs and put him in a pose. His right hand was placed on his hip, holding a small white heart shaped satin purse's strap between forefinger and thumb. His left held out with bent elbow holding the divorce papers, Lynn would serve his father. With a warning of dire consequences if he didn't maintain that pose until his father entered, she left.

"I wish I could stay to see the expression on that bastard's face when he sees what a sissy I turned Lynn into. Oh well, maybe sometime in the future I'll be able to access that hidden camera," she thought almost skipping out to the kitchen.

Her timing was almost perfect as Edward entered soon after. She allowed him to give her a token kiss to the cheek, she directed him into the living room saying she would join him soon. As he left, she grabbed her purse and headed into the garage. A very large smile on her lips as she started her Porsche SUV pre-packed with all she wanted from the house. She figured she would be several miles away by the time her cheating husband regained his senses. She wasn't worried about him coming after her for what she had done to Lynn. No, the video evidence and recordings of Lynn saying he was a girl would stop that. She'd get her lofty cash settlement and revenge no matter what happened.

The End...